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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Prayer for Peace

Almighty and Everlasting God, who hast made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and who hast taught us by the mouths of holy prophets, which have been since the world began, that Thou art our Father and all men our brethren: Speak, we beseech Thee, amid the fear and sorrow of this hour, Thy rebuke of lust and hatred, violence and force, lest we forget that all Thy laws are loving kindness and all Thy paths are peace. Dispel the ignorance and blast the superstition which see in the drawn sword the security of nations, that we may learn to trust, in quietness and confidence, the work of righteousness and love. Reveal to us our sins of prejudice and pride and passion, that we may see the sowing of the tares of misery now reaped in blood and tears and know Thy judgments still are true and righteous altogether. Comfort with Thy pity and shelter with Thy grace the unoffending women and helpless children who mourn their loved and lost, and flee in unfamiliar places the waste of fire and sword. Strengthen those who minister to the wounded and forsaken. Bless the peacemakers of every land who live in hope and work in faith. Stay the tide of slaughter now ravaging the world. And speed, O speed the happy day, foreseen of old, when all nations and races and peoples shall be one, and wars and rumors of wars be at last no more. Amen.

Rev. John Haynes Holmes

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIV. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1914. NUMBER 16

Unity bids its readers A Merrie, Merrie Christmas!!

THE POET OF PEACE.

Plenty of poets to sing us of war,—
As the fray thickens their numbers increase,—
Gather they quickly from near and afar,—
Give us a Poet to sing us of Peace!

Plenty of tributes to pay to the gun,—
Bellowing cannon bards' voices release,—
Laurels crown warriors since warfare begun,—
Give us a Poet to sing us of Peace!

Let him sing loudly so Gods ear may hear,
And carnage all over this fair world shall cease;
We wait his arrival,—when will he appear?
This Poet we long for:—the Poet of Peace!

December, 1914. ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

And still another time President Wilson has confronted Congress with dignified words of wisdom. May his self-respect and self-control prove contagious; may it save Congress from hysterical spasms.

We must thank *Collier's* for bringing to our notice the penetrating sentence of the *Evening Post* (New York) which "disposes of Senator Lodge in one sentence." We are sorry to know several people outside of Massachusetts who are troubled with the same disease, viz.: "A bad case of what the old lady called 'bellicose veins.'"

Whether books will soon be obsolete in the Public School, as Edison predicts, or not, surely "The Educational Future of the Moving Picture" is incalculable as the article under this caption in the *Review of Reviews* for December clearly shows. Wanted! A film that is safe, a projecting machine that is cheap. Educational editors, progressive teachers and independent pastors to introduce the moving picture into school and church for the edification of adults as well as children.

The death of Henry Gannett, president of the National Geographic Society, which occurred in Washington on the 5th ult., removes from American life one of the silent missionaries of culture, a gentle but persuasive influence in science and among scientists, a hero of peace lost sight of amid the blare and noise of war-times and warriors. But he belongs to the nation builders and has joined the ranks of those whose memory abides on the pages of history and whose life is glorified in the interest of school children.

Lord Bryce, recent Ambassador to the United States, anticipates the verdict of history in the *Review of Reviews* for December when he says: "Had there been time for deliberation, had the people or peoples of Austria-Hungary been given an opportunity for forming and expressing an opinion, war would probably have been avoided." Is not this practically true of most of the wars of modern times? If by a national compact it was agreed among nations that no war should be declared by any power until submitted to a vote of the people, national wars would probably cease.

"Religion of the Open Field" is the title of *The Continent's* Christmas Greeting Editorial. We cannot reproduce for want of space the forceful writing entire, but we cannot forbear giving the caption. UNITY readers will amplify the theme. Religion has too long been confined indoors. It has been a matter of conventicle and ritual, and oftentimes inside the church walls it has been further confined within creed limitations, inside of dogmatic enclosures. The angels' song was heard in the fields. Perhaps thoughtful people out of doors may hear again the Heavenly music.

The Seventh Conference of Governors recently held at Madison, Wis., is another suggestion of what an important contribution to national statesmanship this House of Governors might become. UNITY renews its suggestion that this House of Governors, meeting tri-ennially, might well supplant the Senate and any measures recommended by this house might well go direct to the House of Representatives, reduced in size, increased in dignity, to be considered without further delay in committee rooms. The Senate, even when its members are directly chosen by the people, is still an undemocratic handicap, a troublesome brake on the wheels of legislative progress. It is a long way there, but the trend of legislative reform would seem to be working towards the doom of the Senate.

"The Winter Keep of 12,000,000 Warriors" is the title of an illustrated article in *Collier's* for December 12. It takes an imagination quickened by the grim experience of a winter in camp to realize the pinch, the anxieties, the dangers of imminent death by cold and starvation suggested by these figures. Even when the rations, the tent and fuel problem is solved for the men, then what of the poor horses picketed in snow, shivering in the blast and oftentimes crying in vain for the rations that are belated, inadequate and alas many times not coming at all. The present writer remembers the appeal of horses torn on the battlefields, but they do not carry the cry of misery so far or so deep as that which came from the hungry line at the picket rope. The cry of starving horses still rings in his ears across the distances of half a century. How many horses are necessary to maintain, support and transport 12,000,000 warriors and after that, sadder than all, how many wives and children are back of these battle lines waiting "for the war to cease?"

Of the many philanthropic societies at work in the city of Chicago none is more worthy of commendation and more deserving of support, and none is more likely to be overlooked and neglected than the Central Howard Association, whose mission it is to lend a hand to those who are permitted to return to the world after a period of burial in life inside of prison gates. The Thirteenth Annual Report of this society is before us. The object as stated by the constitution is: "To aid prisoners before and after release, to advocate improved laws for the prevention of crime and to secure better prisons, reformatories and jails." No more fitting introductory word could have introduced this pamphlet than the tender message of the late lamented president of the society, William M. R. French, who in addition to his arduous work as director of the Chicago Art Institute gave for many years loyal devotion to the work of this society. This little pamphlet, which bears on its title page: "Going Wrong and Getting Right," contains sermon material and is full of vital matter to the settlement worker, the teacher, the parent. We hope that readers of UNITY, whether inside city limits or beyond, will send for a copy. Address: Central Howard Association, 1245 Monon Bldg., Chicago.

The November *Geographic Magazine* is almost entirely given over to an article, the title of which is refreshing in these dismal days: "Young Russia—The Land of Unlimited Possibilities," by Gilbert H. Grosvenor. These ninety-seven pages are illuminated with a hundred illustrations and sixteen pages of four-color works. The workmanship, like everything in the *Geographic Magazine,* is marvelously fine. The illustrations are clear, beautiful and truly illustrative. The title is re-assuring. Russia, the grim, the formidable, a land of cruel persecutions and Siberian exile, is still young, and through it all this thoughtful student finds the promise of unlimited possibilities. Although the American newspapers, when they arrive, frequently have half pages or more stamped out by the censor with ink so black that it is impossible to decipher a single letter, although people must talk of political matters in whispers lest they may be overheard, still "the leaven of national independence has begun to work." We are told the government is following the example of our own country in teaching the gospel of good farming to the peasantry, showing them how to make more and better butter, how to grow more wheat and rye and oats per acre. Even here the telephone, the moving pictures and the railroads are reaching remote communities. These will spell the doom of illiteracy. This country, which lacks "ten degrees of reaching half way around the earth, possesses one-sixth of the landed area of the globe. It is divided into a hundred provinces, the largest of which is as much bigger than our imperial state of Texas than the Lone Star is larger than Virginia." Where there are unlimited possibilities on the one hand there must be some resources near at hand to develop the same.

A Sober Christmas

There is no denying the fact that Christmas, particularly in city life, has become a season of hurry and anxious physical and financial strain. Year by year from press and pulpit have been sounded words of warning and pleas for temperance in gift-giving and holiday frivolities. Year by year the thoughtful have resolved that "this year they are not going to so over-strain resources of strength or of purse." Year by year the "Do Your Christmas Shopping Early!" signs have been displayed in shop windows and illuminated on the pages of our magazines and in the columns of our daily papers. But year by year the day after Christmas has found the same wreckage, houses littered with toys that have already cloyed the joy of little hearts whose nerves have been over-strained by anticipations, and whose stomachs have been disturbed by too much eating of sweets. There has been the annual reckoning of the cost of festivities, the balancing of accounts, the sting that comes from unappreciated or unreciprocated gifts.

Year by year the thoughtful have watched the very *un*Christian greed and hurry, the overwork and extravagant display of the shops of all kinds. The commercialization of Christmas giving is realized by no class more keenly than the shopkeepers themselves. Their Christmas "business" must be planned for months ahead. A painful proportion of the profits of the year are staked on the Holiday trade which must

be deliberately planned for early in the year and the "trade" itself must be realized in a few weeks of tremendous rush, ending in mad excitement and nervous prostration.

The "psychology of the mob" is annually exhibited in the shopping section of a big city during the days before Christmas. There is no gainsaying the fact that the "good resolutions" formed after the Christmas dissipations of the year before, the prudent pre-Christmas compacts of families, the stern warnings of account books and the emaciated condition of pocket-books, are all swept away at the last. Judgment gives way to a something that is the call of convention, a fear that when the revelations of the Christmas tree are made, some one will be found ungracious or unhappy, having received where they have not given, and having disappointed the feverish expectations of little ones and perhaps ones not so very little.

There is also no denying the fact that at the root Christmas is a benign holiday. It has gathered up through the centuries benignant customs and it has instituted genial emotions, organized kindly feelings and devout aspirations. Christmas does represent something social, something very fine. It depersonalizes the individual who for a while at least, forgets the sordid self, rises above individual troubles and seeks to ameliorate the woes of the world.

How to reconcile these two phases of Christmas is the fine problem which has not yet been solved by the more favored in American life. The gift giving is overdone and the praise giving is thwarted, over-laid, and for a time forgotten.

If there are "uses of adversity," if ever it is "better to go to a house of mourning than to a house of feasting," there is an opportunity for such demonstration this year. At this Christmas time at least let the agonies of nations, the humiliations that ought to clothe legislatures, congresses, parliaments, churches, colleges and all the institutions that undertake to promote intelligence, religion, law and order, bury a bitter sense of failure. All countries are being weighed in the balance and are being found wanting. The boasts of "Christianity," so called, its claims to brotherhood, have been proved to be but boasts and idle claims. Science has turned upon itself the guns it has perfected; the battleships that it has invented are demolishing its citadels. Its instruments are defeating its highest aims. Our "civilization" has been found out. What we thought was fair and living has proven to be a doll stuffed with bran. Trade, commerce and all the high sounding words under which business has been paraded as hand-maidens of progress and the servants of the soul, have to its own surprise disclosed the ghastly skull and cross-bones behind its gracious and ample folds.

All these considerations should make this Christmas season a very sober one, a time for meditation, above all a time for the impressing of little minds with the religiousness of the season and if possible touching with sanity the insane passion of nations, the unscientific attempt to perpetuate the militant fallacies that trust more in weapons than in principles, that assume that hate and jealousy and rivalry are fundamental elements in the life of nations and indispensable elements in the progress of the race.

It is well to sing carols, well to give gifts, but not to indulge in the same as opiates—to deaden the pangs of conscience, to silence the call of reason. Let the ghastliness of artificial giving, the wickedness of the alms-giving that doles out the pennies to the victims of that civic order that has made the hoarding of the dollars possible, be fully felt and humbly confessed, at least during the Christmas season.

May this season bring a degree of soberness into the life that will extend the Christmas joy and the pieties involved therein beyond the fortnight of holidays. After all there is an element of thought in all successful merry-making. Soberness breeds kindliness, disinterestedness makes merry, and wisdom is the mother of peace.

In the Face of War

CHRISTMAS, A. D. 1914.

Gloom is over the earth. Armies have drenched the fields with blood; homes are in ruins; women and children suffer famine. Where the beautiful mountains stand, the darkness lowers. Who can carry glad hearts or smiles in the face of the storm?

But all that made the storm was here before. We knew that the world is on its costly road upward. We knew the ocean of barbarism behind us. We knew that anger, suspicion, misunderstanding, envy, arrogance, jealousy, selfishness, lie still untamed in a myriad hearts. We had seen the monster ships built to devour one another. We had seen soldiers practicing to fight and kill. There were plenty of signs of the coming storm. The clouds were over the tops of the mountains.

The mountains are standing unharmed. The same sky is over us, blue in the infinite depths. The light has never ceased. What great spiritual reality is not coming into view, clearer than ever? Loyalty, devotion, sympathy, heroism, gleaming out of a multitude of humble lives, faith in Justice and Right, more fervent than ever, lift themselves above the gloom. There is serenity, wisdom and confidence, foretelling better days. There are happy homes and brave hearts, solemnly glad in the grand gift of love. There is light in the eyes of the children.

Whose heart has grown smaller in the presence of sorrow? Who desires to run away from his post, or

have no share in the burdens that all are set to lift? Who resists the flood of generous impulse that pours through the world?

The noble memories are with us as ever. Saints and heroes, prophets and poets, saviors and lovers of men are calling to us. They have stood as we stand now, unafraid in the face of the storm.

No clouds are black enough to shut away the shining ideals. We see what is precious and permanent. We will give ourselves anew to do justice, to love mercy, to follow truth, to make good will prevail, to accomplish lasting peace among the nations. We turn from the chaos of passion and force and lift up our eyes to the hills of Beauty, Goodness and Power.

Who tells us that this Christmas is the darkest that ever was? No! That first Christmas when a little child lay crying in a manger, doomed to death on a cross, was inexpressibly darker,—darker in tyranny and oppression, darker in its savagery and ignorance. Since then faith and hope and love have been shining into the world.

Today, then, in the face of the storm, let millions of children sing carols of joy, blending a deeper human note in their music. Let us all join hands to live through sunshine and tempest as the children of God. Even the sufferers forbid us to shut our hearts against gladness. They cry out for courage and smiles. Now is the time to pass on every ray of light that shines from heaven. CHARLES F. DOLE.

"I Have Been Thinking of You!"

When you are greeted by these words how your heart is touched. Recently two old friends who are now residing in another city the greater part of the year and whom I had not seen for some time, gave me this greeting as I entered the church, and it not only gave me joy, but set me to thinking of the things we leave undone each day, which cost us so little to do, but which are so fruitful of joy when we do them, expressing our admiration of a fellow being or our joy in his friendship. How chary we are of such expressions—*while our friends are with us.* In a transition caused by their leaving for some other part of the world, or by the irrevocable change called Death, *then* we grow eloquent in our expressions of admiration and love. How infinitely better is the "rose to the living!" How infinitely richer we might be if we gave generous words of praise where our hearts prompt us to, instead of hoarding such love and praise in a miserly way, afraid to give it out!

It was the morning we had that incomparable sermon on Paul that my thoughts took this turn. Paul's "capacity for friendship," as made so beautifully clear to us in this sermon, and his freedom in commending his friends' good works, made me feel so bold as to resolve that I would turn over *my* New Year's leaf right then in this *old* year and pay *my* debts of gratitude *now* in this year of grace 1914.

It has been a terribly momentous year, and yet out of all the horror and suffering good has come and more good will come. We of All Souls parish have been touched by the world's woe, and we are *in touch* with all the forces for good in the whole world, tending toward amelioration. So in their own way there are men and women giving of themselves to better our little corner, and for these consecrated lives I am duly thankful. "I have been thinking of you," you faithful Sunday School workers and workers for the boys' and girls' welfare in the cause; and of you, our pastor, who seems with each succeeding sermon to be freshly endowed from on high. We need these character studies of John, Stephen, Paul and Peter which have so enriched us, for which I must here express my appreciation. Likewise I must commiserate those who from any cause must miss these sermons.

"I have been thinking," too, all these weeks past of the beautiful musicale given on November 4th for the benefit of the girls' work, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James P. Gardner. This hospitable home has been the scene of many a charming occasion, but none, I dare say, more delightful than the one on November 4th, when, in addition to the rich-toned organ played by the host, five other artists generously gave their services to further the good work "mothered" by Mrs. Pinkney—Mrs. Edna McDevitt Ross, soprano, Mr. John Rankl, baritone, Miss Meda Zarbel and Miss Hazel Smith, pianists, and Master Reuben Davis, violinist. Every number was a gem, both in its inherent beauty and its execution, but on account of his youth and diminutive stature, perhaps as well as his wonderful handling of his instrument, little Reuben Davis captured our hearts. Some of us had heard him two years before and noted with pleasure his growth during those months of study and noted also that he was the same unspoiled little boy; that he still put all his heart and soul into his playing, as did the David of old when he played before Saul, to whom Mr. Jones beautifuly compared him at the close of the musicale. Mr. Jones' closing remarks and Mr. Gardner's rendition of "Abide With Me" were a benediction to a perfect day in the lives of some of us.

I have been thinking of the beautiful friendships formed in the work of All Souls and friendship is, of all things, most to be prized in this short, busy life.

"Many dear things of His providence He hands to his little ones by each other. Sometimes how can He reach them else? And sometimes who can He use to reach them but just you and me?" M. B. P.

Outside of its use for fence posts, black locust finds its principal utilization in insulator pins and brackets for telegraph and telephone lines.

The Boise national forest in Idaho had thirty fires during the past summer, yet twenty-eight were held down to less than ten acres, and of these fifteen were less than one-quarter of an acre. The supervisor says this success was due to a lookout tower and to efficient telephone and heliograph service.

THE PULPIT

Pigs and Babies

A Sermon

By JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Delivered at

THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer.

Father, we are weak and need some deep revealing of hope and comfort from above. Father, when vision fails and courage weakens, help us to find faith and strength and comfort in the thought of the everlasting arms that are ever about us. In the confusion, the passion of the day, may we hear the still small voice that speaks of things eternal. Help us to realize that behind the darkest clouds thy sun doth shine, and after the fiercest tempest radiance and life and cheer will follow. Father, reveal to us our deeper needs, summon us this morning to our higher tasks, baptize us anew with courage to do and dare for those things that make for peace and power of the spirit, give us faith in things intangible. Help us to rest in the ideal. Give us courage to follow Thee. Make us more willing workers so that we may hear more clearly Thy summons to tasks high and tender, to service sweet and earnest. In the spirit of the brave ones who lived in times of turmoil and suffered that we might be freer, we would worship this morning that we may do better work and when need be more patiently wait. Amen.

SERMON.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches,
And loving favor rather than silver and gold.
The rich and the poor meet together:
Jehovah is the maker of them all.
A prudent man seeth the evil, and hideth himself;
But the simple pass on, and suffer for it.
The reward of humility and the fear of Jehovah
Is riches, and honor, and life.
Thorns and snares are in the way of the perverse;
He that keepeth his soul shall be far from them.
Train up a child in the way he should go,
And even when he is old he will not depart from it.
—Prov. XXII, 1-6.

One of the minor disappointments of my last summer's vacation was that I had to return to the city before my Tower Hill pig pen was completed. The plain truth is that in order to qualify myself as a builder of a pig pen I found it necessary to do a mass of reading, oral investigation, research by correspondence and not a little thinking for myself, so that by the time I was reasonably qualified to undertake the task there was not time enough left for the assembling of the material and the work of the mechanics before I had to leave my pig pen building for sermon building. To build a pig pen intelligently and in the light of latest science means a liberal education in agriculture. The science of the pig is absorbing, the literature of the pig is extensive. For nearly a half century the Department in Washington has been engaged in the study of the pig and in the encouragement of pig study. All the agricultural colleges of the country, particularly in the middle West, give much attention to pig raising, and have issued many "bulletins" concerning the breeding, housing, rearing and feeding of pigs.

My pig pen when it is finished will have two rows of windows on the south front that will throw the sun's rays into every corner of the pen. The sleeping corner in each compartment will be floored with cork brick to save mother and little ones from the chill of the cement that forms the remainder of the floor. Scientific breeders of pigs recognize the need of privacy and quiet during maternity. It is also necessary to recognize the fact that the pig is peculiarly a social animal with strongly developed social instincts. So the individual pen where maternity is to be respected is best separated from its neighbor by an open grill work so that the matrons may see one another, enjoy a degree of community life without interfering with one another or trespassing on family rights. This pig pen when finished will have a rear door that will open on an adequate paddock with shade trees in summer time and soft earth for the little pigs to wallow in and have due exercise. Of course this pig pen will have convenient storage for food and proper arrangements for fresh water and the compounding of suitable diet.

The psychology of the pig is as important and more interesting than its physiology. Professor Shaler of Harvard College, in that marvelously interesting, and to me, very religious book, "The Domestication of Animals," calls attention to the fact that the pig, of all domestic animals, perhaps of all wild animals, is nost developed on its sympathetic side. When the cry of distress is heard anywhere the entire community rushes to the rescue, and under such a call, even the domestic pig, from whose nature most of the savagery and courage has been bred, is fearfully aggressive. When a member of the pig community is in distress you had better look to your line of retreat, as every farmer boy early learns.

Professor Shaler recognizes a high degree of intelligence in the pig. He gives credence to and analyzes with some detail the achievements of one of the many "learned pigs" which have been exhibited. We are told that the pig trainer is careful in the selection of his pigs. He takes note of the brain capacity. He seeks those whose eyes are set far apart. All this lore and very much more must be acquired before a pig pen can be built that will embody the latest science and render the greatest profit.

Note the sermon value of all this information. The academic study of the pig under government auspices and with legislative encouragement has been going on for at least fifty years. Large sums of money have for years been expended in the encouragement of pig raising, for the study of the diseases to which they are liable and their remedies, while the Child Welfare Department of our Government is scarcely two years old. To pursue this study the Government called the Virgin Mother of Chicago, our Julia Lathrop, to conduct such studies and to direct the high business of raising children hygienically and training them along lines of the latest pedagogy. When she sought an assistant to carry on the work of investigation she found one in Miss Ethel Hanks, disciplined for the task by experience obtained at our Abraham Lincoln Centre. It is safe to say of this child welfare work that it is still in its incipiency and is receiving grudgingly a support, wholly inadequate, scandalously small compared with the amount invested in pig study and pig rearing. Fifty thousand dollars a year was all that Miss Lathrop dared to ask for and there was a time when it seemed as though that sum would be cut down, while it takes six figures to indicate the amount invested in pig study. The legislature of a would-be progressive state refused at its last session

to make an appropriation of $5,000 for the better supervision of her dependent children. The same legislature appropriated $15,000 for the better care of hogs! The State of Mississippi had no money to support a factory inspector but in the last five years has spent over $300,000 for the replanting of its oyster beds. Louisiana has no money for an inspector to protect the rights of the child, but it spent something over $25,000 in the protection of its game and fisheries.

So, in trying to bring the lore acquired in the study of pig pens to bear upon child saving and child training problems I am justified of science, encouraged by history, and in so far as I succeeded, blessed of religion.

We are beginning to realize the awful responsibility that rests upon the favored and the boastful in this direction. Jacob Riis called attention to the fact that ninety per cent of the children picked up on the streets of New York and distributed among its institutions die there. Figures show that 300,000 babies die annually in the United States under one year of age. Doctors estimate that one-half of them at least die from preventable diseases. Legislatures are just beginning to awaken to the fact that babies constitute a more important asset of the State than pigs and are as worthy of protection viewed only from the economic standpoint. The improvement of the pig within the last hundred years is a profound surprise, a great achievement of science, while the degeneracy of the human in many sections of our crowded cities is truly alarming. Out of the twelve thousand applicants for enlistment in Manchester, England, during the Boer War, eight thousand were rejected, being too defective for service, and out of the four thousand accepted only one thousand came up to full standard.

I believe all but six states in the Union now have some kind of child protecting laws, but that they are inadequate in scope and not effectively enforced is the open scandal of our country. One of the late books to come to my table is enitled, "Children in Bondage," written by our commanding poet, Edwin Markham, assisted by Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver and George Creel. Eleven out of these eighteen chapters were written by Mr. Markham. The table of contents is both statement, argument, appeal and conclusion. Each chapter is a challenge and a rebuke. Listen to these calls to conscience: The Sacrifice of Golden Boys and Girls, The Crimson in Our Cotton, Little Slaves of the Lamp (the glass industry), The Sweatshop Inferno, The Cost of Coal not in Dollars but in Human Lives, The Grind Behind the Holidays, etc., etc. Read these challenges and then complacently think of your Santa Claus lists. Read them before you are hypnotized with the reckless, wicked, unChristian season we call Christmas. Read of these Spinners in the Dark (the silk business), the Curse of the Canneries, The Child in the Perils of the Street, Why Do Children Toil, The Great American Cancer, Curing Symptomatic Evils, Uprooting Causes.

Friends, it is well that we should grow indignant over this awful useless war now raging in Europe. It is well indeed that our moral nature should cry Hold! to that barbarism that desecrates art, breaks up communities, crushes homes, tears into shreds human flesh. But let not these horrors blind us to the equal or greater but less demonstrative horrors nearer home. Were I skilled in figures, could I quote reliable statistics, I could prove that the sacrifice of children in the United States for the last ten years has over-reached all the slaughter of all the battles in this terrible war now in process. "Half of the babies that die annually, die from preventable causes." I repeat the verdict of the physicians. This means that a hundred and fifty thousand babies would be alive today, toddling to the music in parent hearts, had it not been for the greed and selfishness, the grasp and competition of our American commercialism. "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone," let him with clean hands make the arraignment and summon the guilty into court.

The first sermon point in connection with the Tower Hill pig pen building is that as a nation we are more careful of the physical well-being of the pig than we are of the baby. Ten thousand children or more in this city of Chicago, sleep o' nights and wake every morning under physical conditions that would not be tolerated by the successful pig breeder. And what is sadder, the up-to-date farmer is better informed as to the proper balanced rations of a growing pig, and he gives more attention to the compounding of the same, than this city of Chicago gives to the rations on which its children are expected to grow. I am not now thinking of the outrageous parents, the wicked, the idle, the foolish fathers and mothers, but rather of the successful farmers and business men in the State of Illinois and the city of Chicago, who today are sitting somewhere in Christian pews and praying the Lord for forgiveness of their sins, never stopping to catalogue these same sins as they appear in the ears of the informed student; nay, as they are reflected in the worn faces of ill-fed and ill-housed children. If the children could only be treated with the respect which the favored pig receives, that is, if they were only housed, fed and protected from the weather in such a way as to bring them to their maximum, what a cloud of gloom would be lifted from the life of today. The child's needs run a long way on the same line as the pig's needs.

This brings us to a gruesome arraignment. The economist reminds us that the pig is the only domestic animal raised for food purposes alone. Therein lies the source of man's great interest in him. Economically a pig is an asset, a baby a liability. You make money in raising a pig, you lose money in raising a baby. But if you raise a baby on pig standards only, though he be fat and healthy, you have only raised a little animal. But the children that ought to appeal most to our sympathies this morning are not those who work in the cotton mills of the South, but the children of the favored and luxurious on our city boulevards. How many well-kept human animals grow up like the little pigs to be hogs, to dabble in swinish political economy, to pander to the lower and baser life? The higher needs of the baby begin where the needs of the pig end.

General George Brinkerhoff, the great friend of the unfortunate, Ohio's great humanitarian of the last generation, made himself famous by substituting for the old three R's, the log schoolhouse requisite of education, "readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic," the three H's: head, hand and heart. These point to the greater needs of the child. They represent the most cruel neglect of our children.

"Social Service" is the slogan of our educators today. The elective studies in sociology are crowded with the better class of young men and women in our college courses. But by the confession of the students themselves and by the attention given to the "investigation" and the "surveys" in this direction, too much of the social service in the interest of children and mothers is still on pig pen levels. The other day I was talking to a graduate of a prominent college who means to give his life to social service, but he confessed that "social service," as he meant to pursue it, was primarily the question of housing, feeding, ventilating. He was prepared with an arraignment of the churches because of their failure to render "social service" in these directions. Far be it from me to offer any apology for existing churches. I admit the truth of his impeachment. Organized religion has been too indifferent to the physical conditions of life. They fail to heed the demands of science. Food and environment do enter into the problem profoundly, but there are other social services than those connected with bread and butter benevolence. Hungry stomachs and shivering backs are often results of needs farther back and farther down that cannot be supplied out of the flour barrel, the coal bin or the loom. In the higher evolution of "social service" there will come a more adequate sense of the intangible sufferings of human nature, and our primal sympathies will go out to the spirit that is underfed, and when that is nourished the housing and diet problems will be better cared for. When this United States with its broad acres and fertile soil, with its expanse of fields and blooming orchards, leaves a percentage of its citizens poverty stricken to menace their neighbors and become a burden to the state, it is an arraignment of its spiritual profligacy. These denote a stupidity and stolidity of conscience somewhere. If all were provided with the necessary quantity of fresh air and good food and good clothing, if all the "pig needs" were supplied, there might still lurk in the heart of every community a menace greater than that which swarms in the offensive slums of our city, or in the stifling atmosphere of our saloons. By a high provision of nature these physical outrages fly swift to their condemnation, their victims die soon and are out of the way, they tax no further the resources of the larder, they leave only the home circle broken and mother-hearts forlorn. But the pampered children of luxury who have not been provided with an ideal worth the living for, with an initiative spirit that fills their being with energy, remain in the community as rust on iron, as dry rot in the building, as the non-odorous gas in the basement, carrying weakness, dismay and death far beyond their personal reach.

After this intensive study of the needs of pigs and of babies I do not know which most to pity, the child of the washerwoman, that must begin his life's task at twelve and stand the long strain of ten-hours-a-day labor, or the child of the favored lady whose clothes this washerwoman renovates, the child of the mother whose social instincts are satisfied by attending lectures and running bazaars for the benefit of orphan children, the child of a father so practical that he scoffs at "dreamers." Both father and mother are respectable members of the community, where the representatives of wealth, culture and the power connected therewith are indifferent to the higher needs of the child on the back streets whose misery they seek to relieve by sending checks to the Associated Charities. Of course the child raised under such conditions, however bountifully fed, and however the human pig-sty may be glorified to human needs, will suffer the fate of the pig.

Civilization has done much for the pig. Put the modern Berkshire, or, to my eye, the more graceful and picturesque Duroc-Jersey over against the barbaric ancestor, the wild boar, rough, fierce, armed with fierce tusks, swift of foot and terrible in battle, and you see how the commercial needs of man have modified the pig, which has become in the main a harmless, helpless animal. His progeny would soon die out if the sustaining and guiding hand of man was withdrawn. He is shy, timid, the merest child can drive him and the bark of a puppy will scare him.

Economically speaking, it is well to eliminate the virility of the wild boar out of the modern pig; you get more and better pork by the process. But what of the child, cradled in indolence, schooled in luxury, pampered with money, petted by nurses and guardians? What about its incompetency; its economic value and social worth?

There are those in college and commercial circles who are sounding notes of alarm concerning the immigrant "horde" that threatens our country. Perhaps after all in this fresh tide of virility, this new stream of spiritual as well as physical potency, lies the hope of our country. We may look forward to future degeneracy, decay from internal weakness, and death to this as to other nations that have died from similar causes. Perhaps this reinforcement that comes through the immigrant ports of the United States may save it.

Two most striking and interesting books have recently reached my table. One "From Alien to Citizen," by Professor Steiner of Grinnell, Iowa. Here is the story of a wandering lad reaching our shores from that distrusted and maligned section known as "Eastern Europe." He was the child of conservative parents, belonged to the distrusted, the earnest hearted, always underestimated and abused Jewish race. We learn in this book how he wandered through our country, a veritable tramp from necessity, not from choice. He was made familiar with the terrible hardships that belong to a man without money and without the language that would serve as a means of adequate communication with his fellow beings. This man had to learn the inside agony of the iron mill, the coal mines and the far-off harvest fields of the West. He had been lured hither by the ideal America, "The land of the free and the home of the brave." He passed from the distrusted alien to the invaluable and indispensable citizen, the leader of men, the inspirer of youth. Because there was kindled in the heart of the little lad by the Jewish father and mother the unquenchable flame of the ideal, he has come to be a power in the United States, welcome to all the pulpits of the land, a leader in thought, a prophet of reform.

Scarcely less exciting and quite as instructive is that other book entitled "A Far Journey," by Abraham Rhibany. This is the story of a lad born on the hill slopes of Syria, under the shadow of Lebanon, into a home of the simple, primitive life which ob-

tained in that land in the time of the Nazarene carpenter. He drifted hither on the waves of a holy heart hunger and landed in New York with nine cents in his pocket. The battle for bread was so fierce that at times he, like Elijah of old, would fain pray that his life might be taken away. Today that man occupies the pulpit of James Freeman Clarke in Boston, a pulpit than which there is none more honorable in the United States. He is in the most splendid apostolic succession that the American ministry can offer, and he is still a young man.

Now where is the economist who can assess the value of these two great assets in American life: Professor Steiner of Grinnell College, Iowa, and Pastor Rhibany of the Church of the Disciples in Boston? Now there is ample justification for the opinion that these men are no "freaks," no glaring exceptions, no sporadic or spasmodic manifestation of power. They themselves are conscious of being types of a large class borne hither by the great inflowing stream that has been vitalizing this country from its inception. If you want to complete the list, call the long roll of the great nation builders of the United States, who were borne here on the crest of dreams, who wandered hither in search of the ideal. In 1848 and the years immediately following, the middle West country was dotted with prophets and poets of whom Carl Schurz might be taken as spokesman. They came to interpret for us, who had preceded them only by a short time, the gospel of democracy, and were ready to defend that gospel by their blood.

A southern "Daughter of the Confederacy" said to me some years ago in discussing the painful situation from 1861 to 1865, "No wonder that you won and that your people did not feel the awful weight of the struggle, because you had foreigners enough to fight your battles for you. You won through hired soldiers. A friend of mine in Lee's army at Gettysburg told me that he had found whole regiments from the North, members of which could not talk a word of English." The Southern sister was half right, but she overlooked the far more important truth: Many of the soldiers who fought for the Union were foreign born and foreign bred; many of them rose to positions of responsibility who spoke broken English, but it was no filthy lucre that brought them to the battle front, but rather an intelligent dream of democracy, an ideal of liberty, an appreciation of citizenship more valuable than any soft bed, white bread or ventilated palace.

I plead for the babies. I beg for them everything that the favored pig receives at the hand of the intelligent pig raiser. And then I plead for the *something more*, a tremendous plus. If we are satisfied when the baby receives the fullness of pig privileges, and are content to rest when it is cradled in pig plenty, then we may well look for hoggish conditions and a swinish civilization even in our boasted America.

We spend much time and waste much breath in trying to fix the responsibility of the awful war now waging in Europe, but we are short-sighted and miss the mark unless we go back, back, and back to the babies that were nursed at the breast of queens, until we go back to the nurseries where were cradled the sons of kings, the children who were fed with false dreams of power, and the malicious philosophies that justify crowns. Such scions of aristocracy, such sons of kings, grow up like the offspring of wild boars with developed tusks and an agility in the use of the same.

I have already called your attention to Miss Taylor's story of "The Man Behind the Bars." For over a quarter of a century Miss Taylor was the Angel of the Joliet prison. She brought comfort, life and light not only into numberless prison cells, but laid her subterranean wires that reached into the homes of convicts, sustained the spirit of waiting wives, tutored the hearts of depressed children. In this book she tells the story of "Alfred Allen." Through her I came to know the real name of this Welsh boy who came out of Joliet under her guidance. He was sheltered for some time under the roof of the old All Souls Church. The remainder of his short and pathetic life was spent largely within my knowledge, part of the time under my direction. In the early '70's, bereaved of father and mother, this little Welsh waif became one of the "gamins" of the Chicago streets. He was starved, frozen, chilled, battered and beaten as such were in those days. Happily that type of "gamin" is scarcely to be found in Chicago today. Finally he was trained in perfectly normal ways under the circumstances to be an expert assistant to a burglar employer. He was small, wiry and alert. He could be placed in out-of-the-way places, could be passed through small openings, and in many ways he proved useful to one who to him was a "good friend." Miss Taylor found this boy a grown man in prison. A cell mate, hardened in crime but cultivated in mind had stirred in this lad a love of reading. He was deeply interested in works on political economy. This Irish criminal turned his best side toward the Welsh fellow prisoner and he reached after culture on high lines. In the course of his reading he fell upon the work of an Englishman who admired America. In that book he read that "in America every man feels called upon to do some service for his country and to feel a voter's responsibility." This struck the heart of the convict as he thought, "I have never done anything for my country and I am an American." From that time forth a new life began to grow in that starved soul. With broken body but with a kindled mind he came out with a holy purpose to do something for his country. The story as you find it in the book is too long to be told. I know it in longer meter than given in the book. But the end of it all is that this assistant robber beat out the fragment of a life still left him on high lines. He did seek an education, he did master a craft, and did find the joy of human love, knew both the pride and the heart-break of a father, who received and lost a baby love.

The point I want to make is that it is better to be a convict in Joliet in communion with teachers and philosophers than to be a pet on the boulevard with intellectual companionships that are trifling, debilitating, silly and selfish.

I plead for that higher nourishment of babes uncalled for by the pigsty at its best. I beg for air for the soul, bread for the heart. The call is for development of conscience in the child. O Friends, lift your little ones into an atmosphere of courage and hope, however meager the bodily nourishment may be. They only are the favored children of providence who are guided upward, strengthened in thought, chastened in spirit; on these the nations must depend.

Scientific pig pens for pigs, palaces for babies if you can afford them and there are enough to go

round, but the little pig parts company with the little child on the psychical thresholds of life. You cannot save the baby by the physical benefactions prefigured by the most modern of pig pens. The first step in the redemption of the slum, I believe, is the burning down of the uninhabitable shacks. Acres of such intolerable, unredeemable shacks are waiting the application of the torch by order of the city council. But the work is only begun when the shacks are burned and modern tenements take their place. You can't save a family with more coal or better bread, though these are mighty factors in the salvation we seek. Work on the other line and they will buy their own coal.

Friends, we are on the eve of what threatens to be a winter of much suffering among the poor of Chicago. The Associated Charities are already urgent in their calls. Far be it from me to discourage your benefactions, but it is possible to make wasteful expenditure of money in this direction. Sources of hunger can be reached only when we reach the source of life. Spiritual forces are involved in the construction of a pig pen and the rearing of pigs. How much more profound is the demand when we proceed to rear babies.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning was right when pleading for the ragged children of London. She cried: "Put a thought beneath their rags to ennoble the heart's struggle." In the absence of ideas and ideals give your dollars to those who have both, to spend them for you, but if you have ideas and ideals that have been a comfort to you, then in the name of high Heaven invest your dollars and your lives in the nobler charity, the greater benefactions of mind, the holy force of love and tenderness.

Quicken us, Father, with new purposes and higher aims. Help us to devote ourselves to the things that abide, that we may know and help others to know the peace that passeth understanding, the peace that abides with Thee and in Thee now and forever more. Amen.

SPRING IS COMING.

Spring is coming! Do you laugh?
  Yes; I know the sky is gray,
And I feel the northeast blast
  Sweep the songless, lonely way!

January winds have yet
  Over barn and cot to blow;
And Saint Valentine may bring
  Many a message wreathed in snow!

Yet the Spring is coming. Yes;
  I foresee the blithe surprise
Of a wanderer in March
  When a crocus greets his eyes!

Yes; afar Hope's buoyant harp
  Thrills the worlds as on they roll—
Yes; through winter's grief and doubt,
  Spring is coming, to my soul!

Boston Transcript. *William Struthers.*

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER XXIII

THE CIVIL WAR—GERRIT SMITH'S ATTITUDE TOWARD THE ADMINISTRATION.

The Diary:

May 15, 1861. I attended the meeting this morning in the Presbyterian Church for bidding farewell to the Peterboro Military Company, which leaves in the morning.

Always devoted to the Union, never in agreement with those abolitionists who insisted that "The Union must be dissolved" to rid the free states of complicity with slavery, Gerrit Smith had, in company with many others, doubted the policy of attempting to hold the sections together by force, providing that the white South was unanimous in wanting to secede. Secession having been carried however, without any fair opportunity of testing the will of the Southern people as a whole, and attended with an act of war against the Federal Government, he became at once, as he expressed it, "an anti-rebellion man," in the fullest sense, and until the final crushing of the Confederacy, no man either in public or private life, gave to the Federal cause more whole-hearted support than did he. Private citizen as he was, he felt a heavy sense of responsibility to the Government. Writing to Mr. Giddings, in the fall of 1861, he says:

My wife, Charles and Elizabeth are to sail in a few days for Europe, to be gone six months. Greene is already there. *I cannot leave the country in her present condition.*

The italics are the author's, but they very inadequately express Mr. Smith's sense of his duty in his country's time of peril.

He grieved over the bloody encounter between brothers, considered the war monstrously wicked, and insisted that a large share of the blame rested upon the North, because it had so temporized over slavery and supported it, drawing huge profits from it, thus encouraging the violent party at the South; but there was in his mind no slightest hesitation as to the course to be pursued by the Government, now that the war was begun.

"Not one word of peace," he declared, in a letter to the New York State Democratic Committee, August 13, 1861, "nor one leaf of the olive branch, nor one concession however small, to rebels, as long as they are rebels. Much as they are worth, and they are worth much because they are our fellowmen, the Government and the nation are worth more; and both the Government and the nation will perish if there shall be the slightest stooping to those who are in arms against us."

We have seen that Mr. Smith entertained a high opinion of Lincoln. Between the President's convictions as to the moral character of slavery and his own there was a sufficiently close agreement; and they were of one mind in their devotion to the principle of compensation as the only fair and right method of emancipation: but there was a gulf between them on the point of the legal standing of slavery. The ground taken by Mr. Smith, that "Slavery is incapable of legalization," was not allowed by Lincoln, who saw in it an institution that was protected by the Constitution in those states in which it was established by

municipal law, and who agreed that, "In a certain sense . . . slaves . . . (are) property—property acquired by descent or by purchase, the same as any other property."

Holding these views, along with an ardor of devotion to the Union which was fairly religious in its depth, Lincoln could not treat the question of slavery, even in reducing a slaveholder's rebellion, as an abolitionist President would have endeavored to treat it. Seeing in slavery the cause of the war, abolitionists would take instant advantage of the situation to liberate the slaves *en masse*. The idea of a restoration of the old Union, with the institution of human bondage restored with it, was abhorrent to their view. Lincoln, however, burdened with the enormous responsibility of preserving the Union, with whose fate he felt the future of representative government to be bound up, would have rejoiced in a peace which should give back the "Union as it was."

Few realize, at the present day, how deep and bitter was the feeling against Lincoln in the minds of leading abolitionists, over his complacent (as it seemed to them) treatment of slavery. Gerrit Smith never shared that extreme antagonism to the President. That he was disappointed in some of Lincoln's acts, is true; his nullifying of Gen. Fremont's Emancipation Proclamation, and of Gen. Hunter's; his slowness in forbidding the practice of returning fugitive slaves to their masters by the officers in the field, a policy proclaimed by Gen. McClellan and made prominent in his campaign; his delay in using the war power to proclaim emancipation, and his hesitancy about enlisting negroes as soldiers. Mr. Smith went so far as to say, at one time, "Lincoln was chosen to save the Nation, but it begins to appear as though, with all his merits, he is the very one to kill it." He was not long in this frame of mind however. And he came to the defense of the President valiantly in more than one instance when he was being violently assailed by his radical abolitionist critics.

FIERCE OPPOSITION OF LOD GUARD ABOLITIONISTS.

Having for so many years held a place of great prominence as an anti-slavery leader, Mr. Smith was constantly consulted and conferred with by his brother abolitionists during the progress of the war, and the frankness with which some of his correspondents expressed their convictions to him with reference to Lincoln, opens to the reader of the present day a startling view of the opposition which the great President had to deal with from the very people with whom he was morally in close accord; e. g., Rev. Dr. George B. Cheever of New York, a man of great ability and wide influence, writes under date of October 7, 1861:

My Dear Sir:

I received with great delight your very kind and unexpected contribution of twenty dollars toward the printing of the Sabbath evening's sermon. I am very greatly obliged to you for this kindness, and it will enable us to put the discourse in a tract form for circulation, seeing we have failed to get it printed in the *Tribune*. (The sermon was an appeal for prompt use of the President's war power for freeing the slaves.)

It is a great pity that Mr. Greeley cannot see and feel where the salvation of the country lies, in immediate emancipation by the war power. If in his paper this were advocated and insisted upon day by day I really believe it might be carried. But he is not up to the crisis and neither sees nor feels our danger or our duty.

. . . . May God have mercy on our country! Its destinies thus far are in the hands of men utterly unprincipled and corrupt. I fear there will be no change for the better. The Administration, it seems probable, would be glad to destroy Fremont, and nothing can prevent their doing it but a victory on his part, and this they are doing much to render impossible

The Administration ought to be court-martialed for not following up the success at Cape Hateras and conquering North Carolina. Was ever any conduct so shameful and imbecile? The poor Unionists in that state, encouraged by the Hateras affair to show their sentiments, have been left unaided by our Government, deserted and given up to be tortured by their enemies, when the whole state was all ready to have been surrendered to the Government, had a body of a few thousand soldiers been marched into the interior. I really believe the commanding authorities are unwilling to make war in earnest against the rebellious states for fear of sacrificing the peculiar institution!

GREAT SPEECH IN COOPER UNION.

Mr. Smith was at this time extremely depressed over the state of the nation. Writing to Mr. May on the 23rd of this same month of October, he says: "I fear that our country is lost. Slavery, I doubt not, has received its death blow. This will be great gain, let what will be lost." His fears however, did not in the least interrupt his activities for the salvation of the country. Within a few weeks he delivered a great speech in the Cooper Union, New York, on the State of the Country, which brought to him these words of commendation from Mr. Giddings, who was now Consul General of the United States to the British North American Provinces, with headquarters at Montreal:

I tender you my thanks for your speech in New York. I thank God that you found way to such an audience. Surely a change has come over the people of that city. You took such bold and truthful ground that no one will dare take issue with you.

This Cooper Institute speech was in several respects a remarkable effort. Delivered with all Gerrit Smith's eloquence, the cause being one that enlisted every instinct of his moral being, the result upon the vast audience must have been to deepen the spirit of loyalty to the Government and fortify the determination to put down the Rebellion at any cost. There was no halting note in it; nor even the suggestion of hesitancy. At the same time it was entirely free from any spirit of vindictiveness toward the South; was, indeed, touchingly sympathetic with the section, in the great and noble future which he pictured for her in the years to come, when slavery should be put away, and the states in revolt were back in their old places.

Several paragraphs of the speech are worth quoting, e. g., bearing in mind the date, the reader will remember that at that time Gen. McClellan was being fiercely criticized for what his critics termed his entire military failure as a commander, and that many did not hesitate to accuse him of traitorous disloyalty to the nation. Mr. Smith comes to his defense in these words:

In nothing I have said do I mean to countenance the charge that our pro-slavery generals are traitors. I see no more reason for calling Gen. McClellan a traitor than for calling Gen. Scott one, or Gov. Seward one, or the President one. They are all opposed to the Rebellion and would have it put down. They all love their country and the whole country and would be very sad at seeing it divided.

Further on, in connection with his emphatic statement that "submit or be conquered" is the only alternative the Government may offer the Rebels; adding that "our determination to beat the Rebels must be as strong, and, in regard to consequences, as reckless

as is theirs to beat us." He refers to what, in his estimation, was an over-conciliatory method of making war:

This favorite Democratic idea of holding the sword in one hand and the olive branch in the other makes quite a pretty picture, and perhaps there are rebellions that pictures can overcome. But our Rebellion is not one of them. To overcome that needs stern, uncompromising, unrelenting terms.

Repeating the question often heard at that period of the war, "What shall we do with the blacks?" he turns it into the very different question, "What shall we do *for* the blacks?" and then proceeds to ask, "What shall we do for the South?" And answers:

For her sake, as well as for ours and the world's sake, we must defeat her. . . . To save her—to save her from herself—we must be just and kind to her. . . . We shall, I trust, take her slaves out of the hands of the South. But that will be a comparatively easy thing. That will be done by our superior physical power. An infinitely more difficult work for us will be to take the spirit of slaveholding out of her heart. That we can only do by a superior moral power—only by first taking it out of our own heart. . . . It is often said that the North and the South have become so unlike each other as never to be able to live together again under the same Government. But common repentance of a great common sin goes very far to make the penitents resemble each other. . . . There will no longer be ground for complaining of a lack of homogeneousness in Americans after the North and South shall have repented of their common wickedness against the black man. Repeating the declaration: "We must defeat the nefarious purpose of the South to rob us of our country." He adds, "To the heart of the patriot all is lost when country is lost. When our nation shall be divided into two nations—nay, into four or five, as it will soon be should the South succeed, we shall have no nation left, and on this side of the grave no home left."

The conclusion of the speech is sublimely noble:

I must close. We see in the light of what has been said, that our trust to put down the rebellion, and so save the nation, must not be alone in our superior material forces. It must be also in justice and in the God of justice, which, however, it cannot be unless we become just. It is not true, as Napoleon said it was, that God is on the side of the strongest battalions. He is ever on the side of justice, be it the strongest or the weakest battalions that may happen to be there. It has ever been true, and it ever will be, that "the nation that will not serve Him shall perish." Many as are our people, great as are our riches and resources, and unequaled our invention and skill, we, too, shall perish if we fall not in with the divine laws. But we will fall in with them—will we not? And if we will, then how grand and blessed our future! In that future our condition will in all respects rise up into correspondence with our matchless natural advantages. In that future there will be no oppression of the black man, no oppression of the red man, and no oppression of any man. Then equal justice to all. Then the North and the South, the East and the West re-linked together, forever and ever. Then from sea to sea—all brothers. Then a nation practically and cordially recognizing all races and all nations to be of one brotherhood. Then a nation with Christ for the leader of its people and Christ for the leader of its leaders.

Will it be said that I have here sketched but a Utopia, but an impracticable, ideal perfection, and that I have sought to please my hearers with a mere fancy? We will reply that if all who breathe the contemptuous spirit of caste and deride the doctrine of the universal brotherhood will stand aside and no longer pour out their malign and withering influence on mankind, this ideal will be rapidly translated into the actual and this fancy rapidly become a reality.

Returning to the subject of the misunderstanding of the President on the part of the radical group in the nation, and the harsh criticisms of the administration that were poured into the ear of Mr. Smith by his correspondents, an even more severe arraignment of Lincoln than that quoted in the letter from Dr. Cheever appears in this letter from an influential abolitionist, one of the most high-minded of men and one anxious to be just. It bears date August 13, 1864, and is, in part, as follows:

We don't deserve to be saved, and it is as certain as the laws of gravity that we shall not be unless we *fraternize* with the people who have suffered from the rebellion longest,—so fraternize that the *abolition of slavery* is far inside the justice done them. If this cannot be done soon, I do not see but the Government must perish in form as it already has in substance. Looking back over the last four years, and at the present condition, I cannot call President Lincoln either honest or loyal. He is fighting for the exclusive privileges of *white* men under a constitution made for *all* men. He is therefore disloyal to the constitution. He may be loyal to himself; so is Davis. So much for the theory of loyalty. After the pluck colored troops have shown so long, *long* after, we have no important body of them, they are not paid properly, nor protected honorably, nor promoted in case of merit, and, in short a constant Niagara of cold water is poured on their enthusiasm. This is folly and madness. It is *practical* disloyalty. Unless before November this insane policy is reversed, I cannot see the use of protracting the agony by re-electing Lincoln. If I were a slave, knowing what I do, I would rather remain one than take the sort of emancipation Lincoln and his *cuticular snobs* offer as a finality.

No, friend Smith. Let us insist on the *whole* of *justice* this time. It has now come to be not only the end, but the only *means* which can keep the heavens from falling on us.

(To be continued)

"WE WEEP WITH THEE"

And when Jesus was come near he beheld the city and wept over it.—LUKE 19:14.

Dear Lord, when on our hearts with sore amaze
  The tidings fall, flashed o'er the surging sea,
Of brothers in death-clutch, of homes ablaze,
  Of fleeing, helpless age and infancy,
Up to Thy Heaven we lift imploring gaze—
  Not thine the hand in this dread hour we see—
Thou who didst weep when walking earthly ways
  Thou art the same. Do we not weep with Thee?

Bitter the widow's and the orphan's cry,
  Bitter old age's silent misery;
Bitter their fate who dead or wounded lie
  On fields where happy harvesters should be.
Thou seest Lord, with Thy compassionate eye,
  Thou knowest, O Christ, their cup of agony,
For them, beneath the same o'er-arching sky
  With bleeding hearts, behold we weep with Thee.

When to our sheltered homes the night brings sleep
  And in their downy beds all peacefully
Our little ones in slumber warm and deep,
  Safe from all harm—from thoughts of danger free—
Lie folded close, what sudden visions leap
  To heart and brain? the while we shudderingly
Think on their woes, who war's dread vigils keep,
  And weeping for them, Lord, we weep with Thee.

And they, in manhood's prime, the strong, the brave,
  Sons, husbands, fathers, reft from dear roof-tree!
As from each mangled form or nameless grave
  Their souls are sped to thine Eternity—
Do they not, in thy heaven, in anguish crave
  Their broken homes, wives, children at their knee?
Do they not Lord, with ours, *Thy* pity have?
  In heaven and Earth do hearts not weep with Thee?

Bowed heads, dumb lips and fainting hearts, O Lord,
  Before thine altars wait unceasingly;
The clouds, the darkness, fire and flaming sword
  Affright our souls that know not where to flee;
The cry that once from thine own lips was heard
  Ascends from Earth's vast, new Gethsemane
From human hearts with hopeless anguish stirred—
  Hearts-blood for them, O Christ, we weep with Thee.

HELEN EKIN STARRETT.

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ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

ANNUAL MARCH ESCAPE

If plans mature on present lines, the Editor of UNITY will spend his annual "March Escape" on the Pacific Coast. The Rev. H. B. Bard, 321 W. Walnut Ave., San Diego, Cal., has kindly undertaken to arrange the itinerary. Clubs, schools, churches desiring to arrange for lectures, sermons, or readings will please correspond with Mr. Bard, to whom correspondence will be referred. Time will be saved by writing direct.

ARMED PEACE A FATAL POLICY

In the January *Women's Home Companion* Charles E. Jefferson, pastor of Broadway Tabernacle, New York City, writes an interesting war article in the course of which he expresses as follows his strong opposition to armaments:

"In the light of the awful conflagration we can see the fallacy of sundry statements which have in certain circles been passing as axioms: 'In time of peace prepare for war,' 'Armaments are the surest guarantees of peace.' These are maxims which have been a thousand times repeated, and multitudes have been beguiled into thinking them words of wisdom. How false and dangerous they are is now made clear. If we want peace, then we must prepare for it. Armaments are a constant menace to the peace of the world. Whatsoever a nation sows that shall it also reap. If it sows bayonets, it reaps battles. Armed peace, therefore, is a fatal policy. Nations that adopt it are doomed. Incessant preparations for war invite the very catastrophe they are expected to ward off. The great war in Europe is the outgrowth of the policy of armed peace."

THE CASE OF THE SHOPGIRL.

We would like to call the attention of our readers to recent testimony in a New York investigation on the life of the shopgirls in some of the great stores of that city. The testimony was given before the New York State Factory Investigating Commission, and Miss Esther Packard reported officially the results of her investigation of existing conditions, in which she replied to the question how life is made possible for these slaves of the bargain counter, whose pay is often as little as six dollars a week. One woman, when asked "in what mysterious ways do girls stretch less than a living wage into a living one," answered out of her own long experience in a department store: "When I have to pay for a pair of shoes or something like that, I don't buy meat for weeks at a time." "You see yourself, the only thing that is left me to economize on is food," said another. "I never eat any breakfast at all. By experience I found that is the easiest meal to do without."

We quote these bits of actual shopgirl experience because they indicate a distressful and dangerous condition in our social life which ought to stir the sympathy of every right-thinking man and woman, especially just before the Christmas season. They make a claim first for considerate treatment of clerks in our Christmas purchases. We may well determine to offer special courtesy to those who are bearing heavy burdens of poverty with too little prospect of better things ahead. Then, too, we may register in our minds the hope and determination that sooner or later such unjust conditions must be rectified, and that as opportunity arises we will do our part to see to it that every one of our sisters who is compelled to live and work outside the home shall have some margin of resources over and above these mere starvation terms of service. Perhaps the thought of this stern self-denial for the mere right to live may help to make us more thoughtful and sympathetic in our relations with all our neighbors in thoughts and plans for the Christmas time.—*The Congregational and Christian World.*

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We shall try both ways: The first will speak for itself. We speak now for our method of allurement.

Dr. William L. Sullivan's intensely interesting novel of "American Modernism," "The Priest," is a book which every friend of the liberal faith ought to own. In a sense it is not biography, but behind its dramatic fiction lies the background of a young priest's actual experience of spiritual development in passing from the Roman Catholic church to the liberal ministry. The publisher's price for the book is $1.25. We will send it with one year's new subscription to The Unitarian Advance for $1.30.

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"Lamps burn in every house, O blind one! and you cannot see them.
One day your eyes shall suddenly be opened, and you shall see; and the fetters of death will fall from you.
There is nothing to say or to hear, there is nothing to do: it is he who is living, yet dead, who shall never die again.

"Because he lives in solitude, therefore the Yogi says that his home is far away.
Your Lord is near; yet you are climbing the palm-tree to seek Him.
The Brahman priest goes from house to house and initiates people into faith:
Alas! the true fountain of life is beside you, and you have set up a stone to worship.
Kabir says: 'I may never express how sweet my Lord is. Yoga and the telling of beads, virtue and vice—these are naught to Him.'"

—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

A COURTEOUS APOLOGY.

An interested visitor who was making a call in the tenement district, rising, said:

"Well, my good woman, I must go now. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thank ye, mem," replied the submerged one. "Ye mustn't mind it if I don't return the call, will ye? I haven't any time to go slummin' meself."—*Argonaut.*

Hymn Books Wanted

A small liberal congregation desires to purchase a supply of second hand copies of the pamphlet edition of "Hymns and Tunes from the Revised Editions of the Hymn and Tune Book and the social Hymn and Tune Book," published by the American Unitarian Association. Must be in fair condition.

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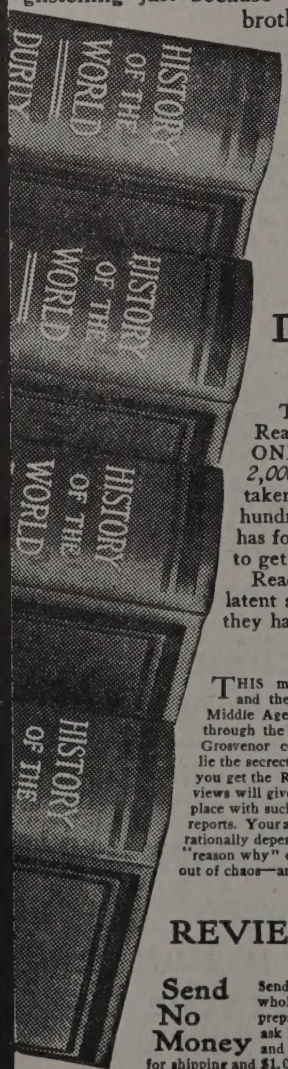

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